

4-15-2019

## This House

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### Recommended Citation

Knuffke, Dillon (2019) "This House," *The Oval*: Vol. 12 : Iss. 1 , Article 29.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol12/iss1/29>

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# THIS HOUSE

Dillon Knuffke

Even now, I can build it up in my mind.

Barren structure, made of wood and brick,  
standing solemnly in a meadow of daisies.  
White walls, gleaming in the morning sun,  
dew drops covering the landscape.

There would be a subtle morning fog  
seeping out of the trees bordering the meadow,  
billowing out like a dragon's breath,  
threatening the entire scenery.

Visitors would have to jump over  
the first step leading into the house, as  
it would moan violently, warning  
the guest that it would drop them if tested.

The front door would creak elegantly,  
but only those who had built this house  
would learn to appreciate it  
in its homeliness.

Pictures would cover the interior  
with familiar smiles of the past.  
Musical instruments would clutter the parlor,  
as if they, too, were relaxing by the fire.

What evenings there would be  
in front of the flickering flames.  
Twisted blankets on the floor,  
teacups on the mantle.

The only comfort of this house  
can be found in the love of its makers,  
Their hands calloused and  
intertwined affectionately.

This house can only be found  
in the stubborn memory of a dreamer,  
Who never breathed the crisp morning air  
or drank a coffee while staring out into the setting sun.

Even now, it crumbles in my hands.